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# The Beginning Of The End.(A LOTR Fanfiction)



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## Chapter 1 by Skeld

The water cascaded down the mountain to grace the turbulent waters below. The grass was waving back and forth among the flanks like a maiden's hair in the cool breeze. But the dead Orc stuck out like a sore thumb. His garish features violated the sacred land of Lothlorien. His rude and cruel eyes still gazed accusingly at me. I took my sword out of his chest and started wiping the cold steel.

The Orcs have taken over most of Middle Earth. They came out of nowhere like a lion pouncing on an unsuspecting deer. The Elves have left and so have the Istari. Only we are here now, we are the last of Men. But we are only few. Five, to be exact. The Last Sons of Gondor.

Today was the same as ever. Survival. But I know not the reason for our survival. We have no hope of rescue nor of victory. But still we endure, guided by unknown hand.

The day are easiest for travel. But the night is arcane and full of Uruk-Hai.

And so, we keep moving forward. But, today was different than others.

Today, we managed to kill a warchief. But, we also lost three of our brothers-Erling,Egill and

Eric. All good warriors

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"HILDIR!"

I turned and saw Minn

"Aye,brother. Is aught amiss?" I replied.

"Nay,brother. In truth, I actually have good tidings for once! Follow me!"

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We trekked back through the lush greenery of Lothlorien and finally reached our camp.

He guided me through the undergrowth until we ultimately reached a small cliff overlooking a valley. He pointed at a hooded figure standing silently down in the valley. The figure raised it's head and-as I looked carefully-I saw him. His face warmed my icy heart. He waved at us casually and we could not help but wave back. I thought at last that we had found Hope.

But, I should have known how wrong I was.

## Chapter 2 by Skeld



**\*Use your imagination and do your best. Have Fun!\***

Alatar the Blue Wizard came leaning on his mighty staff. Mirin welcomed him heartily and sat him on the log. I offered him what was left of our food, but he declined. I could see that something was troubling him. Though he was courteous, his eyes were troubled.

"What has brought you thither, mighty wizard? And what ails you such?" I asked.

"I...I...We had hid deep in the East after the death of High King Aragorn and the Swarming of Middle Earth. Pallando and I...Well, we thought we were safe. We did not know that the last sons of Gondor were still alive. Then, one day, Pallando had a vision of your company and so he hurriedly came here. He communicated with me through his Maiar powers...but since a fortnight, no news of him had come. So, I feared the worst and came to Mirkwood to seek aid from Aiwendil the Brown. He had drained all his powers trying to keep his dwelling safe, but he said that he said that he knew where Pallando headed. He said that Pallando had found some clues of your whereabouts in the foothills of the Misty Mountains. HAHA! Look what irony we have come to- Pallando searched long and hard for the Sons Of Gondor, but here I am with you unwittingly. But now I have come to aid you and seek your help. So tell me, friends, what say you?"

Mirin roared an acceptance and bid me to make haste. I could do nothing but oblige. And so we went to The Misty Mountains for we had naught else to go. We thought we were doing something for the betterment of Arda, but, I should have known better...

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